

"SIDESHOW BOB ROBERTS"

by

Bill Oakley & Josh Weinstein

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - MORNING

The last workers pull into the parking lot. Many of them are listening to the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now, back to Bill and Marty on the
"KBBL Morning Mirthquake!"

D.J. BILL (V.O.)

You know what, Marty? I've got a
strange feeling it's time to for us to
enter the (REVERB) "Phoney-Baloney
Telephoney Zoney!"

We hear a bit of the "Twilight Zone" theme followed by a dial tone and dialing.

D.J. MARTY (V.O.)

Today we're gonna make a crank call to
the good people at the Goodyear Blimp
Hangar.

INT. BURNS' LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

Smithers listens to the radio as he drives Burns to the plant.

GOODYEAR EMPLOYEE (V.O.)

(ANSWERING PHONE) Goodyear Blimp
Hangar.

D.J. BILL (V.O.)

Hey, um, I just wanted to report that
(CHUCKLING) one of your blimps got
loose... and um, it's, uh, starring on
the TV show 'Roseanne.' (UPPROARIOUS
LAUGHTER)

GOODYEAR EMPLOYEE (V.O.)

(DOESN'T GET IT) No, sir. All our
blimps are present and accounted for.

INT. POWER PLANT - HOMER'S WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

Homer sits at his workstation. Lenny and Carl are gathered around, listening to the radio.

D.J. MARTY (V.O.)

Um, but not the one on 'Roseanne.'

GOODYEAR EMPLOYEE (V.O.)

Our blimp appeared on the Rose Bowl,
sir. Perhaps that's what you saw.

D.J. BILL (V.O.)

(AWKWARD SILENCE) Thanks for wrecking
our bit, you jackass. (HANGS UP)

The zany music of Bill and Marty's closing theme comes up.

D.J. MARTY (V.O.)

(CHUCKLE) Funny, funny stuff, Bill.

We'll see you tomorrow, but stay tuned
to KBBL for "The Birch Barlow Show."

CARL

Ugh. That Barlow's a right-wing
crackpot! (MAD) He said Ted Kennedy
lacked integrity. Can you believe
that?!

LENNY

Yeah, switch the station. I consider
myself politically correct, and his
views make me uncomfortable.

HOMER

Nuh-uh-uh, guys. I'm not very political
-- I usually think people who vote are
a bit (GESTURING) "fruit-y" -- but, for
some reason, this Birch Barlow really
speaks to me...

Homer starts devouring his pile of donuts.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KBBL STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

At a radio console identical to Homer's workstation, the
fat, balding, Homer-ish Birch Barlow is also devouring a
pile of donuts.

BIRCH BARLOW

(RUSH LIMBAUGH VOICE) Good morning, fellow freedom-likers. There are three things we'll never get rid of here in Springfield. One: the odd odor that permeates Fifth Street...

EXT. FIFTH STREET

We see disgusted pedestrians sniffing and hurrying down the street.

BIRCH BARLOW (V.O.CONT'D)

...Two: the bats in the Public Library...

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY

A man opens a drawer in the card catalog and a swarm of bats flies out and attacks him.

BIRCH BARLOW (V.O.CONT'D)

...And three: our six-term mayor, the illiterate, tax-cheating, wife-swapping, pot-smoking Spend-o-crat -- Diamond Joe Quimby!

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE

The radio plays as Mayor Quimby tends to his marijuana plants, which sit in the closet under a Grow-Light.

MAYOR QUIMBY

I am not, er, illiterate.

INT. KBLB

BIRCH BARLOW (CONT'D)

Why are we doomed to this Quimby quagmire, you ask, o reasonable listener? Because the mayoral campaign began today, and our fossilized Republican Party has already thrown in the towel by nominating their perennial loser (SNIDE) -- Gaylord Packman.

("PAC-MAN")

ON TV

The unbelievably wimpy Gaylord Packman is having a press conference. We hear various titters and chuckles from the press corps.

GAYLORD PACKMAN

(DROOPY VOICE) Our city will prosper under Packman! And Packman will clear our streets of criminals!

REPORTERS

(LAUGHTER)

KENT BROCKMAN

(CHUCKLING) Do you plan on eating magic pellets and gobbling these criminals up, Mr. "Pac-Man?"

GAYLORD PACKMAN

(TERRIBLY CONFUSED) What? Well, um, in conclusion, I'd like to introduce my wife, Mrs. Packman...

REPORTERS

(LAUGHTER)

GAYLORD PACKMAN

...And my son, Packman, Jr....

PULL BACK TO REVEAL that we are...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Lisa is watching the TV and taking notes as Bart, Marge, and Maggie eat breakfast.

LISA

Poor Mr. Packman. He'll never get any votes. It's just like that time Lester Frankenstein ran for City Council.

MARGE

(REALIZING) Oh, dear. I thought that was a joke.

LISA

Well, it looks like I picked the right side to work for in my civics project.

MARGE

I thought you didn't like Mayor Quimby. Remember that time you got all worked up and said he was full of manure?

BART

That's not what she said. She said...

MARGE

Bart!

LISA

I don't like him personally, but he's the candidate of the party I believe in. And I need to see how a campaign works for my project.

BART

(JEALOUS) You think you're so big 'cause your class always gets to do projects. (OILY) Well, um... I'm doing a project on, uh, fireworks!

Bart produces a bag of fireworks. Marge grabs it from him and gingerly puts it in the trash.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR) Bart, I wish you wouldn't lie like that.

INT. SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - LATER

Principal Skinner and Mrs. Krabappel are onstage in front of a number of dignified Chinese men.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

And now, as a special send-off for our visiting Chinese principals, Bart Simpson has promised us a fireworks display!

Everyone turns expectantly to Bart, who hangs his head sadly. Mrs. Krabappel rolls her eyes and marks a big 'F' in her grade-book.

CHINESE PRINCIPAL#1

(CRESTFALLEN) All week he promise big
firework display!

CHINESE PRINCIPAL#2

(RE: BART) Bad student.

CHINESE PRINCIPAL#1

(KNOWING) Bad principal.

INT. CITY HALL - QUIMBY CAMPAIGN HQ - THAT AFTERNOON

Lisa walks into the Quimby Campaign Office. Large campaign posters line the walls, including "Mayor Quimby for Mayor," "Quimby Supports Powerful Ethnic Groups" and "Vote for Quimby and Receive Free 32 oz. Bottle of Mountain Dew!" The Campaign Manager, an earnest George Stephanopoulos type [Phil Hartman], comes over.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

Hi! You must be our intern from the
elementary school. Your teacher Miss
Hoover said you were very bright and
eager despite your selfishness.

LISA

(DISTRESSED) Selfishness?

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

Don't worry, lots of little children
are selfish. You'll outgrow it. (OFF
HER SLOW BURN) Aaanyway, let me show
you around.

He shows her over to desk by the front door loaded with bumper stickers, buttons, etc.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER (CONT'D)

Here's where we keep all our campaign
'goodies.' You can hand them out if
anyone drops by.

Jimbo enters.

JIMBO

Hey, uh, dude, can I have some more
bumper stickers? 'Bout two, three
hundred?

CAMPAIGN MANAGER (CONT'D)

Sure. (HANDING THEM OVER) It's good to
see young people so interested in
politics.

EXT. CITY HALL - A SECOND LATER

Kearny and Dolph have completely covered Milhouse with
Quimby stickers, except for his face. Jimbo runs out with
more stickers and they paste a final one over Milhouse's
glasses.

JIMBO

All right! The mummy's ready for his
mystical journey!

They set Milhouse in a grocery cart and give it a shove. It
rolls wildly down a hill.

MILHOUSE

(SCREAMS) What's haaappening?!

EXT. CITY HALL - A SECOND LATER

The Campaign Manager shows Lisa a machine that is
mechanically autographing photos of Mayor Quimby.

LISA

Wow, I've heard about these Auto-pens!
They can sign hundreds of photos in an
hour.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

Uh-huh. We got a big discount on this
one, since it was used.

CLOSE-UP to show that the photos of Quimby are being signed
"Best Wishes, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar."

CAMPAIGN MANAGER (CONT'D)

(OPENING A DOOR) This is a crucial part
of any campaign headquarters. We call
it "the boiler room."

He opens the door to reveal a real boiler room full of
boilers and furnaces. A sweaty laborer shovels documents,
tapes, and liquor bottles into a roaring furnace.

LISA

I see.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER (CONT'D)

So, Lisa, are you ready to get some
real first-hand campaign experience?

LISA

(FAST, OVER-EAGER) You bet! I was
thinking that the best way for Mayor
Quimby to get the youth vote would be a
combination of MTV-style appearances
and college...

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

(NOT LISTENING) Great! That's great.

Now, we're sending out a mass mailing
to Springfield's 11,000 assault rifle
owners...

He leads Lisa over to table full of unsealed envelopes.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER (CONT'D)

...And we need your help. This is what
you do.

He takes one of the envelopes, licks it, seals it, and sets
it down.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER (CONT'D)

Want me to do another one for ya?

LISA

(GLUM) No. I know how to lick an
envelope.

Lisa gloomily begins licking the envelopes. The Campaign
Manager walks away, notices something in the distance, then
comes back.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER (CONT'D)

On second thought, cancel that, Lisa. I
have something more important for you
to do.

LISA

(VERY HOPEFUL) Really?

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

Yes. (SOTTO) You are going to get that
wino who just wandered in, out of our
campaign headquarters.

ANGLE ON the crazy-looking wino entranced by the desk full
of buttons and bumper stickers.

WINO

(CONFUSED GURGLE)

LISA

(GROAN)

EXT. CITY HALL - EARLY EVENING

Lisa is standing outside. Homer drives up and honks his
horn, and Lisa runs over and hops in. Seeing Lisa drive
off, the crazy wino hops out of bush and runs back into the
campaign office.

INT. HOMER'S CAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Homer and Lisa drive home as "The Birch Barlow Show" plays
on the radio.

BIRCH BARLOW (V.O. RADIO)

...and junk that vaccination program so
near and dear to the bleeding heart of
our own Mayor Scum-by!

LISA

I can't believe this jerk is so
popular. Dad, do we have to listen to
this?

HOMER

When I'm driving the car, I get to choose the radio station. When you're driving, we'll listen to your radio station.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOMER'S CAR - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Lisa is driving the car with a very satisfied look on her face. Homer sits in the passenger seat, fuming.

RADIO (V.O.)

(MUSIC) Take me where the future's lyin' -- St. Elmo's Fiiire! St. Elmo's Fiiire is burnin' in meeee!

HOMER

I can't take this anymore. Let's switch back.

INT. HOMER'S CAR - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Homer is driving again.

BIRCH BARLOW (V.O.)

Now let's go to the phones. First up is Bob, from South Springfield.

SIDESHOW BOB (V.O. RADIO)

Hello, Birch. Long-time listener,
first-time caller. Kudos for bringing
the "public" back to the Re"public"an
party! It's high time people realized
we conservatives aren't all Johnny
Hate-mongers or Charlie Bible-thumps,
or even -- God forbid -- George Bushes!

LISA

(GASP) That sounds like Sideshow Bob!

HOMER

(CHEERFUL) Yes, ma'am. Sideshow Bob.
Yakkin' it up on the ol' yak-box.

LISA

Dad, I'll spare you the embarrassment of
admitting you don't know who Sideshow
Bob is.

HOMER

(RELIEVED) Phew.

Over quick, ominous clips from "Krusty Gets Busted," "Black
Widower," and "Cape Feare," we hear...

LISA (V.O.)

Sideshow Bob used to be Krusty the Klown's sidekick. But in 1990, he framed Krusty for armed robbery and Bart got him put in jail. When he got out, he married Aunt Selma and tried to murder her. Last year he was paroled again, at which time he tried to murder Bart! And I wouldn't be surprised if he's done a lot of other awful things we don't even know about...

The montage ends with a clip of Sideshow Bob sitting in a chair marked "SIDESHOW BOB - DIRECTOR" on the set of an Addams Family movie.

SIDESHOW BOB

(PEEVED) Come on, Lurch!! Let's see some acting! Your harpsichord has been stolen - what are you going to do about it?! (BEAT) Action!

The montage ends with a clip of Sideshow Bob sitting in a chair marked "SIDESHOW BOB - DIRECTOR" on the set of an Addams Family movie.

BACK TO SCENE

The car pulls into the Simpson driveway. Lisa hops out and dashes into the house.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BART'S BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Bart is relaxing on his bed, listening to the radio.

RADIO (V.O.)

(MUSIC) ...St. Elmo's Fiiire!

Lisa bursts into Bart's room and switches the radio station.

BART

(ANGRY) Hey!

LISA

Bart! Your mortal enemy is on the radio!

RADIO (V.O.)

(DR. DEMENTO VOICE) It's time for more deeee-mentia with Dr. Demento! Now, the "Funny Five..."

BART

(PANICKED SCREAM)

Bart frantically grabs the radio and hurls it out the window.

LISA

I meant your other mortal enemy.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD RETIREMENT CASTLE - THE NEXT DAY

A banner outside says "Meet the Candidates." A long motorcade of Quimby campaign limousines drives up. After a second, Lisa follows on her bike, huffing and puffing to keep up.

INT. RETIREMENT CASTLE - CAFETERIA - LATER

Mayor Quimby and Gaylord Packman are addressing a cafeteria full of old people. The Campaign Manager and Lisa stand off to one side.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

(ASIDE, TO LISA) We've already got this election sewn up, but senior citizens are a crucial voting block. So our job today is to kiss a few old grey butts.

LISA

Gotcha.

Quimby is pointing to an easel with a map reading "New Expressway."

MAYOR QUIMBY

...and this proposed expressway will bring increased commerce to our local merchants.

OLD PEOPLE

(GRUMBLES)

GRAMPA

(STANDING UP) What's in it for us?

JASPER

Give us something we like, or we'll ride ya out of town on a rail!

MAYOR QUIMBY

What do you, er, people like?

JASPER

Rest.

OLD JEWISH MAN

Dames, and plenty of 'em!

GRAMPA

Matlock!!

MAYOR QUIMBY

Well, er, I suppose we could name it
the "Matlock Expressway."

An aide crosses out "New Expressway" and writes "Matlock Expressway."

OLD PEOPLE

Yay!

JASPER

Hey, wait a minute! Let's see what the
other fella will give us.

GAYLORD PACKMAN

(DROOPY VOICE) I will give you an
efficient and honest city goverment.

OLD PEOPLE

(ANGRY MURMURS) Boo! / Who cares! /

Drop dead!

GAYLORD PACKMAN

(SIGH) Maybe I'll get a better
reception at the Irish Teamsters' Beer
Blast...

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - BART'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Class is in progress. Nelson is lying face down on his desk, listening to a Walkman. Suddenly, he pops up and motions to Bart.

NELSON

Dude, they're talkin' about you on the
radio.

Bart grabs the earphones from Nelson and puts them on.

SIDESHOW BOB (V.O. RADIO)

...but it would terribly myopic of me
to blame all my current woes on one
spiky-haired little simpleton.

BIRCH BARLOW (V.O. RADIO)

Myopic, or to say the least,
intransigent. Now, you mentioned some
"woes" there...

SIDESHOW BOB (V.O. RADIO)

Well -- (CLEAR THROAT) -- you see,
Birch, I'm presently incarcerated.

INT. SPRINGFIELD PRISON - PAY PHONE - CONTINUOUS

Bob tries to talk on the phone while all sorts of prison
mayhem goes on in the background -- flaming mattresses are
flung from cells, etc.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

Convicted of a crime I didn't even
commit. (DERISIVE SNORT) "Attempted"
murder. Now, honestly, what is that?
(SARCASTIC) Do they give a Nobel Prize
for "Attempted" Chemistry? Do they -

A toilet flies through the air and smashes on the wall next
to Bob.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

(COVERING PHONE, TO O.S.) Really, now!

This is a personal call!

BIRCH BARLOW (V.O.)

Friends, isn't this just typical? Our
broken-down liberal justice system
locks up good people like Bob
Terwilliger while hardened criminals
like Walter Mondale roam the streets!

Well, I've had it!!

INT. BART'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

An alarmed-looking Bart listens to the Walkman.

BIRCH BARLOW (V.O. CONT'D)

I'm going to make it my mission to see
that our friend Bob is set free!!

BART

(LONG YELL) Nooooo!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the kids and Mrs. Krabappel turning to
stare at Bart's outburst. A second of stunned silence.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Ahem. Well, despite Bart's objection,
Hawaii did become the 50th state, in
1959.

HAWAIIAN BOY

(VERY HURT, TO BART) My family never
should have moved to the mainland.

MONTAGE of the "Free Sideshow Bob" campaign. We hear stirring music underneath.

1) INT. MOE'S BAR - DAY

The barflies sit listening to the radio.

BIRCH BARLOW (V.O. RADIO)

I want each and every loyal listener to
do everything they can to get Sideshow
Bob out of prison!

MOE

You heard the man.

Moe pulls out a crate of grenades and sets it on the bar.
He starts passing the grenades out to the barflies.

BARNEY

I think he meant through non-violent
grassroots political action.

MOE

Aw, geez... Ya really think so? (BEAT)
All right, give 'em back. Everybody
give 'em back.

They grudgingly pass back the grenades.

MOE

(MAD) Hey, who pulled the pin on this
one?

2) INT. Kwik-E-Mart - DAY

Apu picks up a coin can from the counter. He crosses out
"Help Jerry's Kids" and writes in "Free Sideshow Bob."

2) INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - ENTRANCE HALL - MORNING

Burns and Smithers stand at the entrance.

SMITHERS

Shirt, please... Shirt, please.

One by one, the workers take off their shirts, hand them to Smithers, and step up to Mr. Burns, who is passing out "Free Sideshow Bob" T-shirts.

CARL

I really can't stand Sideshow Bob. You got anything else?

BURNS

(LOOKING) Well, I also have these "Beavis & Butthead" shirts...

CARL

Ehhhh. I'll take the Sideshow Bob one.

2) EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Rowdy protestors march around, carrying signs that read "Pardon Sideshow Bob," "What About Bob? (Available at Blockbuster Video)," and "Armenian-Americans say Å?å;ßø ?µç?å; Bob!" Wiggum, Eddie, and Lou stand by in full riot gear.

PROTESTORS

(SINGING) All we are saying / is free
Sideshow Bob...

LOU

Ready to move in, Chief?

CHIEF WIGGUM

(NERVOUS) Er, I dunno... There's an awful lot of 'em. (BEAT) Let's get him instead!

Wiggum points to a cheerful hippie riding by on a bicycle. The cops all run over and attack him.

HIPPIE

(AD LIB CRIES OF PAIN)

2) CLOSE-UP - SPINNING NEWSPAPER

The headline reads "Bob: #1 Campaign Issue." A subheadline says: "Edges Out 'No Fat Chicks' Ordinance."

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

PULL BACK from the newspaper to reveal it's held by a concerned-looking Quimby, surrounded by the Campaign Manager and his aides. Protestors can be heard and seen out the window.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

Sir, that mob is very insistent, and as you know, we rely quite heavily on the mob vote.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Very well. If that is the way the winds are blowing, let no one say I don't also blow. (PICKS UP PHONE)

Lisa and Bart, out of breath, suddenly burst into the Mayor's Office.

MAYOR QUIMBY

What's going on? Are these children mine?

LISA

I'm Lisa Simpson, I work on your campaign. Sideshow Bob is a vicious, cunning homicidal maniac!

BART

He tried to kill me, and my Aunt Selma!

(GETTING DOWN ON HIS KNEES) Please,
please, I'm begging you, Mr. Mayor,
pleeeease don't pardon Sideshow Bob!

LISA

(SOTTO) Bart, that's not the Mayor.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Bart kneeling in front of a man who is not Mayor Quimby.

BART

(SOTTO, TO LISA) But you said he was
the fat one!

MAYOR QUIMBY

Bah. (DISMISSIVE) What do children know
about politics?

LISA

I know when Ford pardoned Nixon, it
cost him the '76 election! I know the
whole Willie Horton issue blew up in
Michael Dukakis's face!

MAYOR QUIMBY

(BLANK) Er, uh... huh? (BEAT) Now why
don't you tiny tots run along? Uncle
Mayor has a lot of worky-work to do.

LISA

But...!

Mayor Quimby snaps his fingers, and two bodyguards hustle the kids out of the office and slam the door. Bart and Lisa look at each other, stricken.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD PRISON - FRONT GATE - DAY

We hear very ominous music as the front gate slowly slides open to reveal Sideshow Bob, in street clothes and carrying a suitcase, striding purposefully towards the camera.

MAYOR QUIMBY (V.O.)

By special order of the Mayor of Springfield, er, me, you are hereby granted a full and complete pardon. Congratulations, you are now a free man, Robert Onderdonk Terwilliger.

As Bob closes in on the camera, he suddenly drops out of frame, with a yell and a splash. WIDEN TO REVEAL that the prison is an Alcatraz-style island, and Bob has walked over a cliff into the harbor. Drenched, he stands up and looks around. He has a fish on his head.

GUARD

(LOOKING OVER CLIFF) Boat's on the other side.

SIDESHOW BOB

(ALREADY REALIZES) Yes! Thank you!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - MORNING

Homer is listening to "The Birch Barlow Show" on his No-Sap Radio while taking a shower.

SIDESHOW BOB (V.O. RADIO)

It's a tremendous thrill to finally
meet you in person, Birch. And I must
say, you certainly disprove the popular
axiom that radio is a scrap-heap of
those too ugly to host television
shows.

BIRCH BARLOW

I thank you, Bob. And, of course, many
thanks to those listeners who chipped
in on your behalf.

HOMER

Yooou're welc-

Lisa walks in.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

LISA

Dad, you promised you were going to
stop listening to this show!

HOMER

Please, can't I just take a shower...

A panicked Bart runs in, brandishing two big revolvers.

BART

I heard Sideshow Bob in here!

(REALIZES) Oh. I'll go put these back
in your dresser.

Marge walks in. Homer looks increasingly annoyed.

MARGE

Homer, you're going to be late for
work. I better bring your breakfast up
here. (LEAVES)

BART

(CALLING AFTER HER) Bring ours too!

HOMER

Could I just take my shower?

Marge re-enters a second later with TV trays and Maggie's high-chair. She starts setting everything up and passing out food. Santa's Little Helper wanders in and starts eating off Lisa's plate.

LISA

Mom!! The dog stole my English muffin!

BART

(EATING) Uch! I wanted Cocoa Krispies,
not Cocoa Pebbles!

Bart pours the cereal into the toilet and flushes, causing the shower to blast scalding water on Homer.

HOMER

(SCREAM)

From out in the hall, we hear the sound of someone charging desperately towards the bathroom.

GRAMPA

(YELLING) I hope nobody's in that
bathroom, 'cause I just ate a whole
plate of eggs!

Everyone exchanges worried glances, and suddenly, there is a frantic rush to get out of the bathroom.

ESTABLISHING SHOT - EVIL BUILDING - NIGHT

It's the evilest, most sinister-looking building in the world. A sign says "Springfield Republican Party Headquarters."

INT. REPUBLICAN HQ - CONTINUOUS

In a "Star Chamber" style room, we ROTATE AROUND the table to reveal Springfield's Republican elite: McBain; Burns' Lawyer; Dr. Hibbert; the Big Texan; a cackling, hand-wringing Fiend with fangs; and the Chairman -- Mr. Burns.

BURNS

Hail, brothers! Quoronon cillairia ozu
mahoq!

OTHERS

Mahoq! Mahoq!

BURNS

Now, then. It's taken us four elections
and millions of dollars to learn one
thing: the voters have no interest in
Gaylord Packman.

BIG TEXAN

(FOGHORN LEGHORN VOICE) (FRUSTRATED)

Hell! Whatsa matter with those people?!
Haven't they read his book?!

He holds up the huge, boring-looking book "Municipal Management Systems, by Gaylord Packman (Contains No Illustrations).

BURNS

People want a man who exudes charisma!

A man who's quick with a joke! A man
who can feign respect for the lower
classes! And, fortunately for us, one
has presented himself! (DRAMATIC)

Gentlemen, I give you the next Mayor of
Springfield -- Robert "Bob"
Terwilliger!

Burns pushes a button, and a panel slides open on the wall.
Sideshow Bob steps out grandly, and everyone applauds.

MCBAIN

What do we do about Packman?

BURNS

Oh, we'll dispose of him in the usual
manner...

EXT. REMOTE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND - DAY

A raggedy George Bush, wearing a big leaf for a hat, is spelling out "S.O.S." in stones on the beach. He looks up as a small plane flies over and Gaylord Packman is pushed out. Packman parachutes to the ground, and Bush runs over to him.

GEORGE BUSH

Stay away from my papayas or I'll kill
you!

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - THE NEXT DAY

A placard reads "The Candidates Speak on Education." A semi-circle of students (including Bart, Lisa, etc.) sits on the grass, surrounded by teachers, press, and TV crews. Mayor Quimby and his aides stand off to one side, Sideshow Bob and his two aides (NOTE TO ANIMATORS: They resemble H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman, c.1972) stand on the other.

ANGLE ON QUIMBY

QUIMBY

(TO AIDE) That man can't run for mayor.

He has no experience! And he's been
jailed three times, twice for attempted
murder!

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

But, Mayor Quimby, you've been jailed
five times.

QUIMBY

Again, I have more experience.

ANGLE ON THE STUDENTS

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Now, students, I want you to be on your
best behavior for this carefully-
choreographed media event. There is to
be no wising-off, no face-making, and
no grass-eating. This means you, Ralph.

Ralph has grass stains all around his mouth.

RALPH

(MOUTH FULL OF GRASS) Yes, sir.

KENT BROCKMAN

We're going live in... three... two...

one. Principal Skinner, you're on.

(POINTS AT SKINNER)

LIVE TV P.O.V. (CHYRON: CHANNEL 6 - LIVE)

SKINNER

(STAGE FRIGHT) Uh... um... (BEAT) Uh...

NELSON (O.S.)

Haw haw!

SIDESHOW BOB

Bravissimo, Mr. Skinner. A truly
affecting portrayal of the way great
educators are silenced by bureaucratic
red tape.

SKINNER

Thank you. (WALKS OFF)

BACK TO SCENE

SIDESHOW BOB

Hello, children. (BEAT, OMINOUS) Hello,
Bart.

BART

(YELP)

SIDESHOW BOB

My young friends, Mayor Quimby is
confused about your school system. Do
you know what he does? He flip-flops.

Bob does a series of backflips. The kids start paying attention.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

Sometimes he doesn't know whether he's coming or going.

Bob twists his head one way and his feet the other, and walks backwards towards the children. They clap.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

He wants to sell your future short!

He miraculously compacts his body into a three-foot form and does a funny waddle around the children. They start cheering.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - LATER

The enraptured kids and camera crews are crowded around Bob as he capers, does magic tricks, etc., while Quimby is ignored. Some love-struck kids (including Ralph) are holding on to Bob's legs and won't let go.

RALPH

I'm gonna hold my breath until my daddy votes for you.

MAYOR QUIMBY

(TO NOBODY) Er, I have a prepared speech I'd like to read.

Bart and Lisa stand off to the side, looking worried.

LISA

Bart, he's clobbering Mayor Quimby. We can't let this happen. (WHISPERS TO HIM)

She takes Bart by the hand and goes over to Quimby. They force him into the sandbox and leap onto his lap.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Ack! Someone get these children off me!

LISA

(SOTTO) Just play along.

BART & LISA

(UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER)

The TV cameras swivel around to the sandbox. Kent Brockman runs over.

KENT BROCKMAN

Mr. Mayor, looks like you've captured the hearts of some of Springfield's young people.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Er, yes. I was just telling them of my plan to initiate a biannual audit of overages in the -

LISA

(TOO CUTE) Uncle Mayor was saying that us kids are the most important natural resource we have!

KENT BROCKMAN

(DUBIOUS) More important than coal?

MAYOR QUIMBY

(THINKING QUICK) Er, uh, yes.

REPORTERS

(PLEASED MURMURING AND NOTE-TAKING)

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - LATER

The reporters are driving off. A very pleased Quimby and his aides approach Lisa.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Lisa, I am extremely grateful to you and your brother. There will always be an unpaid position for you on my campaign staff.

LISA

We'll do everything we can to help defeat Sideshow Bob. Right, Bart? Bart?

Across the playground, we see Bob's aides forcing a struggling Bart into a limousine. It speeds away.

INT. SIDESHOW BOB'S LIMOUSINE - CONTINUOUS

SIDESHOW BOB

(SEETHING) Ohh, that was a big mistake, Bart! No children have ever meddled with the Republican Party and lived to tell about it!

BART

(DEFIANT) You can't do anything illegal, you're a political candidate. You wouldn't dare hurt me again.

SIDESHOW BOB

(A LA NIXON) Let me make one thing perfectly clear: I am no longer a crook. I've hung up my murder hat to don a much more insidious chapeau.

BART

W-what do you mean?

SIDESHOW BOB

When I become Mayor, your family will
face the awesome power of municipal
government! (DIABOLICAL LAUGH)

Bob gestures, and the two aides surrounding Bart reach ominously into their jackets. Then, one produces a "Vote Bob" button and the other a GOP Elephant pin. They pin them on Bart's shirt, grab him, and throw him out of the moving limo.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Bart flies out of the limo and rolls to a stop on the front lawn. A second later, a jalopy speeds by carrying Archie, Jughead, Reggie, Big Moose, and Homer. Big Moose tosses Homer out of the car, and Homer rolls to a stop next to Bart.

BIG MOOSE

Duh, stay out of Riverdale!

INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - SMITHERS' OFFICE - DAY

Smithers is working at his desk. Mr. Burns comes in, desperately struggling to wheel a dolly with a tiny stack of Bob bumper stickers on it.

BURNS

(PANTING) Smithers, I need to you
distract the employees while I put
these bumper stickers on their cars.

Smithers turns around. He is wearing a Quimby button and drinking out of a Quimby coffee mug.

BURNS (CONT'D)

(LIVID SPUTTERING, THEN:) What in blue blazes?! Take off that left-wing lapelostat! Dispose of that wretched coffee-sip!

SMITHERS

Sir, I, er, respect your opinion, but I've always been a Quimby man. I just feel the Democratic Party is more suited to my lifestyle choice.

BURNS

I don't care if you're an Abolitionist, a Whig, or an Anti-Telephonocrat! You are working for Bob Terwilliger!

Burns grabs the Quimby pin and mug from Smithers, then creakily and futilely tries to kick Smithers in the butt.

BURNS

Eh! Ugh! Smithers, help me kick you in the buttocks!

A disgruntled Smithers backs into Burns' upraised foot.

SMITHERS

Ow.

BURNS

Excellent.

ON TV

We see the "Larry King Live" opening, and cut to the set where Larry sits with Sideshow Bob.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

From CNN Headquarters, high atop
Springfield's Escort and Massage Arts
Building, it's "Larry King Live!" Now,
here's Larry.

LARRY KING

Springfield hasn't been this excited
about politics since 1959, when a mob
of enraged hillbillies kidnapped the
mayor to protest rural electrification.
The cause of all this excitement? My
very special guest, "Sideshow Bob"
Terwilliger.

SIDESHOW BOB

Oh, it's the issues people are excited
about, Larry, not me, a mere TV
celebrity with a dramatic criminal
record and deep, soothing voice.

LARRY KING

(DUBIOUS) Yes, issues. (BEAT) Our first
caller! South Springfield, hello!

APU (V.O.)

Yes. As Mayor, would you lift the ban
on price-gouging? Because as a
convenience store, er, customer, I feel
it is only fair that I be gouged for my
surly, impatient attitude.

SIDESHOW BOB

I'd say any consumer irrational or drunk enough to shop at that vermin-infested extortion shack can do so at their own risk.

APU (V.O.)

Oh, thank you!

LARRY KING

Next caller. Hello, Springfield Retirement Castle.

GRAMPA (V.O.)

That Quimby fella promised to build us a Matlock Expressway! How you gonna top that, smart guy?

SIDESHOW BOB

How's this? I'll not only build the Expressway, I'll bring back the Springfield Trolley, just as it was in 1926! And this time the rule will be "No Young People," instead of "No Swedish."

GRAMPA (V.O.)

Hot ziggity zam! The trolley's a-comin' back! (ASIDE) And you can ride too, Svensen!

SWEDISH MAN (V.O. DISTANT)

(SWEDISH ACCENT) Yumpin' yiminy!

LARRY KING

Next call. Springfield Head Shoppe,
hello.

OTTO (V.O.)

Yes, hello, Larry. As a concerned citizen, I noticed with some alarm that the candidate's policy statement failed to address the undisputed fact that...

(YELLS) Howard Stern rules!!! (CLICK)

LARRY KING

I apologize for that. Obviously a very disturbed young man.

SIDESHOW BOB

"Disturbed," Larry? I'm a loyal fan of Howard Stern, and let me assure you, his listeners aren't all crackpots, stoners, degenerates, and pimply-faced ciphers!

INT. HEAD SHOPPE - THAT MINUTE

Otto and his assortment of crackpot, stoner, degenerate, pimply-faced cipher friends watch "Larry King Live."

OTTO

All right! Our next Mayor could be a Howard Stern fan!

PIMPLY-FACED CIPHER

(TEENAGE VOICE) I'm gonna vote for him instead of writin' in "Baba Booey!"

ON TV - ELSEWHERE

We see a Quimby campaign commercial, full of idealized images of the Mayor and Springfield (as per the lyrics).

SINGERS

Without a Mayor Quimby / Our town would
really stink! / We wouldn't have a tire
yard / Or a mid-size roller rink! ///
We wouldn't have our gallows / Or our
shiny Bigfoot traps! / And it's not the
Mayor's fault / That the stadium
collapsed. /// Quimby's done so much
for you / And you've hardly taken note.
/ So show a little gratitude / And give
this guy your vote.

ANNOUNCER

Quimby. If you were running for Mayor,
he'd vote for you.

ANNOUNCER#2

(FAST) Paid for by the Mayor Quimby for
Mayor Mayoral Committee.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are...

INT. MOE'S BAR - DAY

The barflies were watching the campaign commercial.

BARNEY

Who did they want us to vote for?

MOE

I didn't catch the name.

MONTAGE of campaigning in various Springfield neighborhoods.

1) Bart and Lisa walk down a street in Springfield's Little Italy, handing out buttons and flyers. They come upon "Ristorante di Stereotypica," where we see Luigi, the stereotypical Italian chef, throwing a pizza in the front window.

BART

Excuse me, sir. Would you mind putting this Quimby poster in your window?

LUIGI

Ay, you gottit. Now Luigi, he got-a special treat a-just-a for you! A-make-a you tummy go-a 'hey, hey!'

LISA

(TO BART) Wow, what a sweet man.

Luigi walks into the kitchen, crumpling up the poster as he goes.

LUIGI (O.S.)

Ay, Salvatore! Scrape up-a those-a cannolis Poppa sat on!

SALVATORE (O.S.)

Ay, Poppa! Wake up-a! We need the cannoli from-a you pants!

1) Bart and Lisa hand out campaign materials on a street corner in the Mexican section of town. A low-rider car pulls up to the intersection and does a few fancy hydraulic maneuvers. Bart hands flyers to the two lowriders inside.

BART

Hey, something's wrong with your car.

LOWRIDER#1

(CHUCKLES AT BART'S IGNORANCE) No, man.

Nothing's wrong with the car.

The lowriders slowly cruises off, and we see the that whole rear of their car is engulfed in flames.

LOWRIDER#2

(SNIFFING) Hey, Hector, do you smell something?

1) Bart and Lisa canvass in front of a trendy Starbuck's Coffee-style hangout. Bart is eagerly trying to hand out pamphlets, but is ignored by the sour twentysomething clientele.

LISA

Bart, you're too enthusiastic. Cynical members of Generation X hate enthusiasm. They only respond to ironic detachment and campy references.

The Generation X Guy comes out, bitterly sipping a cup of coffee. Bart holds up a flyer.

BART

(IRONIC) Hey, all the "groovy teens" are voting Greg Brady for Student Council!

The Generation X Guy takes Bart's flyer.

GENERATION X GUY

(PLEASED GRUNT) Yeah, the... (IRONIC) ... "Brady Bunch." (WALKS OFF)

LISA

And to think, someday these people will
be running the country.

BART

(HOPEFUL) Well, maybe there'll be a
war, and we can ship them off to die in
some foreign land.

ON TV

We see a high angle, black & white shot of a prison with a revolving door. Convicts go in and out in slow motion, a la the 1988 Willie Horton ad. We pan along the prison to see convicts also exiting via an escalator, a ski lift, and a catapult.

SCARY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Mayor Quimby supports revolving-door
prisons. Mayor Quimby even released
Sideshow Bob, a man twice convicted of
attempted murder. Can you trust a man
like Mayor Quimby? (FAST) Vote Sideshow
Bob for Mayor.

The commercial ends, and a very cheerful dessert commercial comes on. But it has the same scary announcer.

SCARY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Hey, kids, ask Mom for new Raspberry
Ruckus frogurt...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are...

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - TV ROOM - DAY

Lisa and Bart are busily organizing campaign materials. Homer relaxes on the couch.

BART

(RE: TV) Agh! We are doomed.

LISA

We'll just have to hope that the public responds better to positive, issue-oriented campaigning than to cheap smear tactics.

Bart and Lisa exchange dubious expressions, then...

BART & LISA

Daaaad! Help!

LISA

We told you what Sideshow Bob said. If he wins the election, this family is in serious trouble!

HOMER

Okay, okay. Daddy has a little plan that'll put an end to this Sideshow Bob nonsense once and for all.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - THE NEXT DAY

Homer, dressed exactly like Travis Bickle in "Taxi Driver" (sunglasses, old Army jacket, and large "Vote Bob" button), works his way toward the front of a large Sideshow Bob rally. A suspicious Secret Service man heads Homer off.

SECRET SERVICE MAN

May I help you?

HOMER

Yes. Will you distract the candidate while I rush up behind him?

The Secret Service Man immediately wrestles Homer to the ground, but Homer wriggles free and runs away. The Secret Service Man looks down at the Army jacket, which is still in his hands. It's clearly labelled "Pvt. Abraham Simpson."

INT. RETIREMENT CASTLE - GRAMPA'S ROOM - LATER

Five Secret Service Men break down the door and tackle a sleeping Grampa.

GRAMPA

Aggh! All right, I admit it! I was the one who mailed the snake to President Hoover!

BACK AT THE SIDESHOW BOB RALLY

As Sideshow Bob speaks, a grumpy and resentful-looking Smithers hands out buttons to people in the crowd.

SIDESHOW BOB

And I'll put an end the stranglehold applied by liberal pressure groups like the A.C.L.U.! The Adopt-A-Pet Fund! And worst of all, the Springfield Gay Men's Chorus!

Smithers rolls his eyes and shoots an empathetic glance at Moe, who is standing nearby.

MOE

(NERVOUS) Hey, w-we don't know each other.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

People swarm in past a sign reading "Tonight: Mayoral Debates. Tomorrow: Mass Wedding of Cult Members."

ON TV - INT. CIVIC CENTER

We see patriotic, overdone news graphics and hear fife and drum music.

LARRY KING (V.O.)

The League of Uninformed Voters
presents the Springfield Mayoral
Debates. Our panelists tonight: From
Channel Six News, Kent Brockman. From
KBBL Radio, Birch Barlow. From the
Daily Fourth Gradian, Martin Prince...

Martin instantly raises his hand, as if being called on.
Then he lowers it, slightly embarrassed.

LARRY KING (V.O. CONT'D)

And syndicated editorial cartoonist
"Bigelow."

Bigelow, a smarmy man with a waxed moustache, turns to the camera and waggles his pen like a cigar.

LARRY KING (CONT'D)

I'm your moderator, Larry King. Now, a word to our audience: Even though we're being broadcast on (ROLLS EYES) Fox, there is no need for obnoxious hooting and hollering.

AUDIENCE

(OBNOXIOUS HOOTS AND HOLLERS)

IN THE WINGS

Bart, Lisa, and the Campaign Manager stand with Quimby. He sneezes, swallows a couple of cold capsules, hands the box to Bart, and walks confidently onstage.

LISA

I hope that flu doesn't affect his performance out there.

BART

Don't worry. He's taken a million of
these capsules.

Bart reads the box, which says "Kwik-E-Mart Discount Flu
Remedy -- Extra-Drowsy Formula."

BART (CONT'D)

Hmm, it just says he shouldn't operate
heavy machinery. It doesn't say he
shouldn't participate in televised
political debates. (BEAT) Oh, wait, yes
it does. (GROAN)

INT. CIVIC CENTER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Quimby looks sick and is starting to sweat profusely.

BIRCH BARLOW

Mayor Quimby, you're well-known for
your lenient stance on crime. But
suppose for a second that your house
was ransacked by thugs, your family
tied up in the basement with rough
twine, you try to break down the door -
- but can't! Screams and flames fill
the house! Quick, try the back door,
but -

MAYOR QUIMBY

What is your question?

BIRCH BARLOW

(BEAT) My question is about the budget...

Quimby tries to brush his sweat-soaked hair out of his eyes. He inadvertently gives himself two pointy cowlicks that resemble devil's horns.

BACKSTAGE

A moritified Bart and Lisa watch the telecast, which shows a close-up of the now Satanic-looking Quimby surrounded by hellish flames. A chyron crawl across the bottom of the screen reads: "FLAMES ADDED ELECTRONICALLY BY CHANNEL 6 GRAPHICS DEPT."

INT. CIVIC CENTER - A LITTLE LATER

Mayor Quimby looks worse. He tries to steady himself on the podium.

KENT BROCKMAN

I have a question for Mayor Quimby. Mr. Mayor, what the hell is wrong with you?

MAYOR QUIMBY

(MOAN, COUGH) I feel awful.

LARRY KING

Sideshow Bob, you have thirty seconds for rebuttal.

SIDESHOW BOB

Mr. Mayor, you should feel awful, for wasting the public's time with the bathetic charade. Now, if it please the audience, I'd be happy to fill the remainder of the hour with acrobatics, feats of balance, and patriotic limericks.

PANELISTS & AUDIENCE

Yay!

Circus music starts playing. Sideshow Bob flips over and starts juggling a delighted Larry King and Kent Brockman with his feet.

LARRY KING

Hey! Ho! Whoa! Wheeeee!

SIDESHOW BOB

(LIMERICK RHYTHM) A young pamphleteer named Tom Paine / Said "Common Sense" is hardly insane...

EXT. STREET - ELECTION DAY

Voters are lined up outside the polling place. Across the street, Moe's is locked up with a sign saying "Bars Closed for Election Day." Barney pounds desperately on the door.

BARNEY

Hey, let me in! I promise I won't vote!

INT. POLLING PLACE - CONTINUOUS

In the crowded polling place, we move along the voting booths as the citizens make their decisions.

HOMER

(RE: BOB LEVER) Hmm. I don't agree with his Bart-killing policy, but I do approve of his Selma-killing policy.

KRUSTY

(RE: BOB LEVER) Well, he framed me for armed robbery, but man, I'm achin' for that upper class tax cut. (PULLS LEVER)

In the last booth, Burns and Smithers are standing together.

BURNS

(SQUINTING) Blasted small type! I can't read the names!

SMITHERS

(LYING) Sideshow Bob is the, er, top one, Sir.

Burns pulls the top lever, for Quimby.

SMITHERS

(SMALL GIGGLE OF GLEE)

Smithers makes a number of rude gestures and faces behind Burns' back.

INT. CITY HALL - QUIMBY HQ - ELECTION NIGHT

The place is loaded with festive campaign workers, press, etc. The Simpson family is there, wearing their Sunday best. Mayor Quimby comes over to greet them.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Lisa. Bart. And these must be your fine parents.

HOMER

(SHAKING HANDS) It's an honor to meet
you and all your fine liquor.

MARGE

Hello, Mr. Mayor. Say, I wanted to ask
you about our trash collection. The
garbagemen use a lot of profanity, and

-

BART & LISA

(WHINY) Mommm!

Election coverage comes on, and everyone crowds around a
large TV.

ON TV

KENT BROCKMAN

And with our last poll now closing at
the remote Springfield Lighthouse...

We see an isolated lighthouse with a banner saying "Vote
Here." A solitary Old Salt rows slowly away.

KENT BROCKMAN (CONT'D)

...all the results are in. (OVER NEWS
GRAPHICS) For Sideshow Bob -- 100%. For
Quimby -1%. We remind you there is a 1%
margin of error.

IN QUIMBY HQ

EVERYONE

(GROAN)

A dejected Bart and Lisa turn around to commiserate with the others, but the entire place has suddenly cleared out (except for the Simpsons and a stunned Mayor Quimby.) After a beat, one guy runs back in, grabs a case of whiskey, and runs back out. The Simpsons turn back to the TV, worried.

ON TV

KENT BROCKMAN

Let's go, live, to Republican
Headquarters, for Mayor Terwilliger's
acceptance speech.

A jubilant Sideshow Bob walks up to the podium. The crowd quiets down to listen as Bob gets his notes in order.

SIDE SHOW BOB

(BEAT, THEN:) (LONG DIABOLICAL LAUGH)

KENT BROCKMAN (V.O.)

And just look how happy he is!

SIDE SHOW BOB

(LONG DIABOLICAL LAUGH CONTINUES)

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING SHOT - SIMPSON HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The restored Springfield Trolley rings its bell and rumbles by, full of rejoicing old people.

TROLLEY CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Next stop, Social Security Office.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

A sleeping Marge and Homer are jolted awake by the thunderous roar of heavy machinery and pile drivers. A disoriented Homer rockets out of bed.

HOMER

(SCREAM) It's the Rapture! Quick, get
Bart out of the house before God comes!

MARGE

Go outside and see what all the fuss
is. And make sure Maggie's okay.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - MAGGIE'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

With every thud of the pile driver, Maggie and all her stuffed animals bounce high in the air.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FOYER - A MINUTE LATER

Someone is ringing the doorbell and banging on the front door. Homer answers it, to reveal a construction foreman nailing a "CONDEMNED" sign to the door.

HOMER

Condemned?! But we tore down the
smokehouse!

FOREMAN

(WISEGUY VOICE) Whoa! Sorry, Mr. Morning-Breath, you'll have to take it up with the mayor.

Homer runs out to see Sideshow Bob, who is wearing a hardhat and poring over some blueprints.

SIDESHOW BOB

So sorry about the rumpus, Mr. Simpson. There's simply no quiet way to demolish a house. You see, yours is blocking construction of our new Matlock Expressway.

Homer turns around to see an enormous partially constructed freeway jutting out over the Simpson house. A big green sign reads "Matlock Expressway" and has an Andy Griffith silhouette for a logo.

HOMER

You're gonna destroy my whole neighborhood just to build a stupid highway?

SIDESHOW BOB

We've gone out of our way to inconvenience as few people as possible.

HIGH OVERHEAD ANGLE

We see the road curves miles out of its way just to pass over the Simpson house, and only the Simpson house.

BACK TO SCENE

SIDESHOW BOB

You have one week to vacate. At that time, we will blow up your house and any remaining Simpsons.

HOMER

I know what you're up to, Mayor Terwijigger. And no one in my family's gonna stand for it!

We hear an old-fashioned auto klaxon from above and see Grampa and Jasper up on the expressway, driving a Model A.

GRAMPA

(YELLING DOWN) Move your house, Son!

JASPER

Yeah. We got places to go!

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MORNING

Principal Skinner stops Bart.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Bart, I don't mean to pry, but is the mayor of this town out to get you?

BART

Uh-huh.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Ooo, how unfortunate. Anyway, by special request of the Mayor's office, you are going to be left back.

BART

(GROAN) You mean I have to repeat the
fourth grade?

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Well, yes... but, not for four or five
years. Bart, you're going to
kindergarten.

Skinner opens the kindergarten door for Bart. Mrs. Krabappel walks by with a bottle of champagne and some paper cups.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Ha!

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - KINDERGARTEN - LATER

Bart towers over the tiny five year-olds as they sit in a circle on the floor. The teacher points to a chart labelled "SHAPES."

KINDERGARTEN TEACHER

Now boys and girls, who knows what this
is?

BART

(RAISING HAND) Triangle.

KINDERGARTEN TEACHER

Very good, Bart. Since you answered so
many questions, you may have first
choice of toys for free play.

BART

Cool! I call the Flintstone Phone!

Bart runs over and grabs a big plastic phone with pictures of the Flintstone characters on the buttons. He pushes one.

FRED FLINTSTONE (V.O.)

Yabba dabba doo! I like talking to you!

BART

(HAPPY DUMB CHUCKLE)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

A very proud Bart looks on as the family passes around a lousy finger painting he's done. It's signed "By Bart S., Age 10."

MARGE

Well, yes, Bart.. it is very nice, but
I still don't think you should be in
kindergarten.

BART

But it's great! I'm the smartest and
the third toughest!

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

HOMER

(WHINY) Bart's education and self-esteem can be fixed sometime in the future. Right now, we've got to worry about my house!

LISA

Unfortunately, everything Bob's doing now is legal. But I don't think he won the election legally. 99 percent to one percent? No election is ever that decisive!

HOMER

(DISMISSIVE) Pfft. Sure it is. It
happened when I ran for Church
Treasurer.

There is a long beat of awkward silence as everyone tries to avoid eye contact with Homer. Then, finally...

BART

(SHOWS TEN FINGERS) I'm this many years
old.

MARGE & LISA

(VERY RELIEVED) Oh yes, ten! / Bart is
ten! / Born ten years ago!

ESTABLISHING SHOT - HALL OF RECORDS - LATE AFTERNOON

Lisa pedals her bike up to the stately marble building, on which is chiselled "Springfield Hall of Records - Not The Good Kind Of Records, Historical Ones." In the foreground, the trolley full of old people rings its bell and rumbles by.

TROLLEY CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Next stop, Winslow Mortuary.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Lisa waits at the main desk. A clerk arrives and plops down a two-foot tall pile of fanfold computer paper covered with tiny print.

CLERK

Here you go. The results of last
month's mayoral election. All 48,000
voters and who each one of them voted
for.

LISA

I thought it was a secret ballot.

CLERK

(DOESN'T CARE) Meh.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - READING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa finds a seat in the large circular reading room. She turns her seat to avoid having to look at a massive portrait of Sideshow Bob, and begins reviewing the list. As she reads, we slowly pull up a la the famous Library of Congress shot in "All The President's Men."

LISA

(SLOWLY READING) Aaron A. Aaronson

voted for... Bob. Aaron L. Aaronson

voted for... Bob. Arthur B. Ablabab

voted for... Bob. (GROAN)

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - READING ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Lisa has fallen asleep, only about ten pages into the document. A shadowy figure reaches into frame and lays an envelope next to her. Lisa wakes up, sees the envelope, and looks around. No one is there. She opens the letter and begins reading it. We move in on her as her eyes widen.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

A sign reads "Pay & Park & Pay." Bart and Lisa walk down the street toward the structure.

BART

So whoever it is who wrote that note
wants to meet us here tonight?

LISA

Uh-huh. This is so cool, Bart. We're
just like Woodward and Bernstein!

BART

Um, is there any reason to believe this
isn't Sideshow Bob trying to lure us
into this garage to kill us?

LISA

(BEAT) I didn't think of that. (SCARED)
Let's go get Dad!

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - A LITTLE LATER

Homer sits in the idling car reading a magazine while Bart and Lisa walk cautiously toward a dark corner of the garage. A shadowy figure lights a cigarette.

SHADOWY FIGURE

(MUFFLED VOICE) You're on the right
track. Follow the names.

BART

How the hell do you know?

SHADOWY FIGURE

(PUFFS CIGARETTE) I can't tell you who
I am, but I worked on the campaign.

Homer screeches up, honks the horn and shines his brights clearly revealing that the shadowy figure is Smithers.

HOMER

Hey, Mr. Smithers!

HOMER

Agh! (PEEVED) Well, you might as well
give me a ride home now!

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - A LITTLE LATER

Everyone's in the car now, driving Smithers home. He's slouched down in the back seat, looking furtively around.

SMITHERS

I wasn't privy to much, but I did hear a certain name mentioned around the campaign office: Edgar Neubauer. I'm convinced that if you can get in touch with this Neubauer, you'll find your answer.

Lisa takes the voter rolls out of her backpack and looks up the name.

LISA

Well, whoever Edgar Neubauer is, he voted for Sideshow Bob.

SMITHERS

Now for God's sake, keep this quiet. If Mr. Burns found out, I could lose my job!

The car stops at a red light, and Mr. Burns crosses the street, walking two of his Dobermans on a double leash. He notices Smithers and runs eagerly over.

MR. BURNS

Smithers, hullo! (SUSPICIOUS) Say, what's all this about?

SMITHERS

Uh...er....The Simpson family and I were, uh, just going out to a, er, drive-in movie, Sir!

MR. BURNS

Drive-in, you say? Splendid! I'll
spring for the popped corn and Jube
gels!

EXT. DRIVE-IN MOVIE - HOMER'S CAR - LATER

Homer, Bart, Lisa and Smithers sit uncomfortably in the back seat. Mr. Burns and his Dobermans are having a great time up front, munching popcorn and watching the movie.

MR. BURNS

Super-Vixens, eh? Capital!

MONTAGE of Bart and Lisa searching for Edgar Neubauer

1) INT. DMV - DAY

Bart and Lisa look over Selma's shoulder as she types on a DMV computer.

SELMA

The government doesn't have a record of any Edgar Neubauer. He must not have ever gotten a driver's license or purchased a dirty magazine using a credit card.

BART

You keep a record of that?

SELMA

Yeah, well, the CIA likes to keep its list up-to-date.

2) INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bart and Lisa are looking through a pile of phone books.

LISA

He's not in any of these phone books.

BART

Wait, I have an idea. (PICKS UP PHONE)

INT. MOE'S BAR - CONTINUOUS

MOE

(INTO PHONE) Let me check. (YELLS TO BARFLIES) Edgar Neubauer! Someone go into the bathroom and see if there's an Edgar Neubauer lying there! A man on the phone wants me to give him an Edgar Neubauer!

BARNEY

Okay, but you'll regret it in the morning!

BARFLIES

(LAUGHTER)

MOE

(BEAT) You guys are brain damaged.

3) **INT. RETIREMENT CASTLE - GRAMPA'S ROOM - DAY**

GRAMPA

I remember Edgar Neubauer!

BART & LISA

Really?!

GRAMPA

Sure, sure. He's the fella which drew
Mickey Mouse! He built that amusement
park in Callyfornia, Neubauerland!

Bart and Lisa leave.

GRAMPA

(OBLIVIOUS) Ed Neubauer's Fantasia! The
Wonderful World of Neubauer!

EXT. STREET - A MINUTE LATER

Bart and Lisa trudge glumly away from the Retirement
Castle.

LISA

This is hopeless. They're gonna
demolish our house for sure.

BART

(GROAN) And they'll probably find all
those pajamas and sheets I hid in the
crawlspace. I told Mom I -- (NOTICES
SOMETHING O.S.) Heyyy...

Bart suddenly runs out of frame. Lisa looks around,
puzzled. Then...

BART

Lis! Lis! C'mere! I found him! I found
Edgar Neubauer!

WHIP PAN to reveal Bart standing in the middle of a nearby
cemetery. Next to him is a large ornate headstone reading
"EDGAR NEUBAUER. BELOVED HUSBAND AND OLD GROUCH. 1831
1909." Lisa runs up.

BART

I don't think he's going to be much
help, though.

LISA

(GASP) No, Bart, don't you see? Dead
people can't vote!

Lisa takes the voter rolls out of her backpack and runs
around to the other graves, checking the names.

LISA (CONT'D)

Look! Prudence Goodwyfe, died 1641.

(CHECKS LIST) She voted for Bob, too!

So did Jebediah Springfield! So did the
Unknown Soldier! So did Buddy Holly,
Richie Valens, and the Big Bopper!

The Big Bopper's memorial has a statue of him talking on
the phone with an inscription reading "Gooooodbye, Baby!"

EXT. PET CEMETERY - A MINUTE LATER

Bart and Lisa run around the pet cemetery next door,
checking the list.

LISA (CONT'D)

The pet cemetery voted for Bob, too!

Look! (RE: MONKEY GRAVE) Mr. and Mrs.

Bananas! (RE: SNAKE GRAVE) Humphrey
Boa-gart! (BEAT) Ugh. Poor snake.

They come to the next grave, which reads "Snowball Simpson.
1989 - 1992."

LISA (CONT'D)

Oh, my poor dead kitty! Please, not you
too!

She finds Snowball's name on the list. LONG DRAMATIC PULL BACK to as we hear...

LISA (CONT'D)

(A LA CHARLTON HESTON) Bob, you
creeeeeeep!

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Several fat-cat lobbyists are playing golf with Quimby, who has an adoring floozy on his arm.

FAT-CAT LOBBYIST

Now United Flourocarbon is not asking
you to do anything illegal, Joe.

FAT-CAT LOBBYIST #2

We just need you to look the other way
while our hit-men operate in your area.

QUIMBY

Of course I'm no longer mayor, but I'll
do all I can as a private citizen.

FAT-CAT LOBBYIST

(INDIGNANT) What? Our company doesn't
bribe private citizens. Come on,
Roscoe, let's go throw our money at the
real mayor!

The lobbyists take Quimby's golf clubs, hat and ball and drive off in the cart. The floozy runs after and hops on. A few seconds later, Bart and Lisa run up.

BART

Former Mayor Quimby! Sideshow Bob
rigged the election and we can prove
it!

QUIMBY

Good Lord! We've got to get this to the
press right away!

Quimby, Bart and Lisa run over and steal a golf cart.
Krusty, who was putting nearby, chases after them.

KRUSTY

Hey, yutzes! That's my cart! (QUICKLY
GETTING WINDED) Ugh.

Krusty sees a cab driving by on the street. He hails it,
and it drives over, tearing up the course. Krusty tosses in
his clubs and gets in.

KRUSTY

Yeah. I'm going to the fifteenth hole.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Homer drives on the Matlock Expressway and parks his car on
the unfinished edge. He hops down to the roof of the
Simpson house and climbs in an upstairs window.

INT. SIMSPON HOUSE - TV ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

The family is anxiously gathered around, watching the news.

ON TV

Sideshow Bob is accosted by a mob of reporters as he tries
to leave City Hall.

SIDESHOW BOB

I'm as shocked as you are by these
allegations. If any of my campaign
staff is found guilty of corpse
recruitment or coercion, I'll gladly
sacrifice them to you blood-sucking
parasites.

REPORTER

(AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) Clive Ridgeway from
"A Current Affair." Is there any sleazy
sex angle to this story?

SIDESHOW BOB

Most certainly not.

REPORTER

Aw, bloody 'ell. Would you mind showin'
us yer bum, then?

CLOSE-UP - SPINNING NEWSPAPER

The headline reads "CALL FOR PROBE IN BOB FLAP." A sub-headline says "Editorial Why Not Votes For Dead Pets?"

EXT. CITY HALL - THE NEXT DAY

Reporters and spectators crowd into the building. In the foreground, the trolley full of old people rings its bell and rumbles by.

TROLLEY CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Next stop, Schulman's Discount
Cafeteria.

INT. CITY HALL - HEARING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The room is set up a la the Iran-Contra and Watergate hearings, filled with reporters, etc. Judge Snyder and a panel of investigators sit up front at a long curved rostrum, opposite a microphone-laden table for the witnesses and their lawyers. Bart and Lisa sit in the front row.

JUDGE

(BANGS GAVEL) First witness. Campaign
Finance Director Orvis P. "Tex" Hydell.

The Big Texan sits down at the table with his lawyer. An investigator brings out a large blow-up of a check and sets it on an easel.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Are you familiar with this check made
out to Springfield Cemetery in payment
for a "List of Dead People?"

BIG TEXAN

Hell, no! That ain't my signature! Just
lookit them girly little "L's!"

He walks up to the easel, grabs a marker, and signs his
name. It's a huge, bold scrawl that includes a little
cowboy hat, a Texas star, and a lasso.

BIG TEXAN

Now that's a real Texas-style
signature! (BEAT) The same one you'll
find on every bottle of Tex Hydell's
Genuine Eleven-Alarm (HOWL) Barrrrrrr-B-
Q Sauce!

He doffs his ten-gallon hat. There is a bottle of sauce on
his head.

JUDGE

Let the record show the witness removed
his hat to reveal a bottle of Bar-B-Q
sauce resting on his head.

INT. CITY HALL - HEARING ROOM - LATER

Mr. Burns is testifying. His lawyer sits next to him.

BURNS

I have absolutely no knowledge of any voter fraud, wiretapping, burglary, abuse of the mails, or the firebombing of liberal think-tanks.

JUDGE

I'd like to remind the witness that he is under oath.

Burns' Lawyer covers the microphone and whispers into Burns' ear.

BURNS

I have no knowledge of voter fraud.

INT. CITY HALL - HEARING ROOM - LATER

Richard Nixon is testifying.

RICHARD NIXON

(INDIGNANT) Just because I was involved in this sort of thing at one time, every rinkydink town in this country thinks they can subpoena Richard Nixon and get him to admit to something.

Well, it's harassment, plain and simple. I won't stand for it. I won't!

Nixon gets up and storms out.

JUDGE

Hmm. And I was so sure he was behind all this. These hearings are adjourned until nine o'clock Monday morning.

(BANGS GAVEL)

People start to leave. Bart leaps up.

BART

No! You've gotta call Sideshow Bob now! They're gonna tear down our house in fifteen minutes!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - THAT MINUTE

Demolition equipment advances on the house. Marge tries to fend off a bulldozer with a rolling pin. Homer clings desperately to a huge wrecking ball, which is swaying around twenty feet in the air. The ball and Homer swing slowly into the side of the house, but Homer's fat absorbs the blow.

HOMER

(VERY PAINED ANNOYED GRUNT)

INT. CITY HALL - HEARING ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

JUDGE

I'm sorry, Son, but the Constitution only provides for justice between the hours of nine a.m. and five p.m. weekdays, and -

SIDESHOW BOB (O.S.)

Surely we can spare a few minutes for the Mayor to testify, your honor.

The spectators turn in an awed hush as Bob strolls confidently down the aisle and takes a seat at the witness table.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

After all, we want these children to feel justice has been served. That way, they can sleep soundly tonight on their hard, rancorous motel pillows. (BEAT)

Well, Bart, Lisa, here I am.

Lisa nervously takes a drink of water, then walks over to the blow-up of the Springfield Cemetery check.

LISA

Mayor Terwilliger, your Campaign Finance Director, Mr. Hydell, claims he never signed this check. Do you know who did?

SIDESHOW BOB

No, I don't.

BART

Were there any little girls on your staff authorized to write campaign checks?

SIDESHOW BOB

This is absurd. Your honor, I think -

BART

I'm asking because Mr. Hydell said these were "girly little L's." I assume a little girl wrote them.

LISA

Or maybe an old woman. An old spinster
piano teacher.

SIDESHOW BOB

(EDGY) Pfft. The opinions of two pre-
pubescent handwriting experts are
hardly basis for a case against me.

LISA

But we're not accusing you. We're just
asking -- do you know any little girls,
or old women, with flowery...

BART

Prissy...

LISA

Remarkably effeminate little "L's."

SIDESHOW BOB

(EXPLODES) Those "L's" are not
effeminate! ! I'll show you effeminate
"L's!"

Bob runs up to the easel and writes several loopy, girly
"L's."

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

Now these are proper L's!!

Then he neatly signs his name, "Robert Terwilliger." We see
that the "Terwilliger" L's are just like the ones on the
forged check.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

The very same "L's" that earned me the
Fitzhugh Penmanship Prize at Groton
four forms in a row!

BART

And the same "L's" you used to forge
that check?

SIDESHOW BOB

(CRAZED) Yes!

SPECTATORS

(GASPS, HUSHED MURMURS)

SIDESHOW BOB

There! Is that what you want, you
sarmy little bastard?!

BART

I want the truth!

SIDESHOW BOB

You want the truth?! You can't handle
the truth! No truth-handler, you! Bah!
I deride your truth-handling abilities!

JUDGE

Would you get to the point?

SIDESHOW BOB

Yes. All of you, you're so naive to think anyone else could have planned and executed such a masterpiece of electoral fraud! I wrote the checks, registered the corpses, marked their ballots, neatly and within the spaces provided, and kept elaborate and detailed records of each and every step!

Bob pulls a number of audio tapes, legal pads, computer disks, etc., out of his pockets and passes them out to the investigators.

SIDESHOW BOB

Here, just look at these! Each one a
work of Machiavellian art more
intricate than a Faberge egg, a Haydn
concerto, or a Keith Haring Swatch! Oh,
you need me, Springfield. Your guilty
conscience may force you to vote
Democratic, but deep down inside, you
secretly long for a cold-hearted
Republican to lower taxes, vaporize
criminals, and rule you like a king!
Oh, you may publicly heap praise on an
Al Gore, but you'll privately thank God
for a Ronald Reagan. And you're afraid
to admit it. That's why I did this -
to protect you from yourselves! (PAUSE)
Now, if you don't mind, I have a city
to run.

Bob starts to walk out.

JUDGE

Bailiffs! Place the Mayor under arrest!

SIDESHOW BOB

What? (BEAT) Oh, yes. All that stuff I
did...

The bailiffs handcuff Bob and drag him off.

SIDESHOW BOB (CONT'D)

(YELLING BACK) You won't have Sideshow
Bob to kick around anymore!

LISA

Bart! We did it! Now we get to keep our
house, and you get to go back to fourth
grade!

BART

(HALF-HEARTED) Yay.

JUDGE

Congratulations, children. Now let's
get the hell out of here, already. It's
5:05!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - THAT MINUTE

An elated Homer and Marge hug as all the demolition
equipment drives away. Grampa chases after the construction
workers.

GRAMPA

Wait! Wait! Come baaack! What about our
Matlock Expressway?! Ehh, if you're not
gonna wreck it, I will!

Grampa picks up a sledgehammer and starts smashing windows
in the Simpson house. Homer and Marge try to pull him away.

CHYRON: "ONE MONTH LATER"

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Homer, Marge, Maggie, and a few aides look on as Mayor
Quimby thanks Bart and Lisa.

MAYOR QUIMBY

You two have earned the undying
gratitude of this city and this office.
Therefore, to Lisa, I present this
sleeve of golf balls embossed with my
signature. And to, er, Mort, I present
this book of my favorite recipes as
compiled by the Springfield Junior
League.

Mayor Quimby hands the gifts to a disappointed Bart and Lisa. A photographer leans in and snaps a picture.

EXT. SOMEWHERE - DAY

CLOSE-UP of a newspaper containing that photo, with the caption reading "Mayor Honors Local Teens." REVEAL it's being read by Sideshow Bob, dripping with rage and wearing a prison jumpsuit. He crumples up the paper.

SIDESHOW BOB

(FURIOUS SNARL) Someday, I'll have my
vengeance. Someday, when I find a way
out of this savage, roach-ridden
cesspool...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Bob standing in fancy driveway under a gate labelled "Springwood Minimum-Security Prison." He stands behind a yellow line, next to a sign reading "Inmates Please Do Not Cross This Line. Thank You, the Warden." Several well-groomed prisoners run by, carrying a crew shell.

PRISONER#1

Say, Terwilliger's a Yalie.

PRISONER#2

(THURSTON HOWELL VOICE) Bob, come
along! We need an eighth to row against
the Princeton alums!

SIDESHOW BOB

Princeton? (FURIOUS SNARL)

Bob grabs some oars and runs off with the Yale men.

FADE OUT:

THE END

CAMPAIGN MANAGER (CONT'D)

...And we need your help. This is what
you do.

He takes one of the envelopes, puts in the flyer, licks it, seals it, and sets it down.

CAMPAIGN MANAGER (CONT'D)

Want me to do another one for ya?

LISA

(GLUM) No. I know how to stuff an
envelope. (LICKS AN ENVELOPE)

CAMPAIGN MANAGER

Super. (DIPLOMATIC) On the next one,
though, just make sure you put the
mailer inside the envelope before you
seal it.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Fliers rain down from a big blimp which has a display
flashing "Vote Bob."

INT. BLIMP - CONTINUOUS

Burns happily tosses flyers out of the gondola. Nearby, a visibly disgruntled Smithers heaves out tied-up bales of flyers. Below, we see the bales crushing a newsstand, sinking a man's rowboat, and going down a large smokestack.

BURNS

(NOTICING) Smithers! There are no
voters in that smokestack! My land,
ever since this campaign began, you've
been a real Sour Sam!

SMITHERS

Sir, may I be frank? I have moral qualms about campaigning for Sideshow Bob. His ultraconservative views just don't jibe with my, er, choice of lifestyle.

BURNS

(FURIOUS) What?! There'll be no such jiggerypokery in my dirigible! Now get back to work!

Burns creakily and futilely tries to kick Smithers in the butt.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Eh! Ugh! Smithers, help me kick you in the buttocks!

A grumbling Smithers backs into Burns' upraised foot.

SMITHERS

Ow.

BURNS

Excellent.